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THE GOLDEN GULCH

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY

CHARLES TOWNSEND

DICK & FITZGERALD

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THE
GOLDEN GULCH

AN ORIGINAL DRAMA IN THREE ACTS

BY
CHARLES TOWNSEND

AUTHOR OF

"THE WOVEN WEB," "BORDER LAND," "UNDER A CLOUD," "SPY OF
GETTYSBURG," "RIO GRANDE," "THE MOUNTAIN WAIF," "UNCLE
JOSH," "MISS MADCAP," "BROKEN FETTERS," "SHAUN AROON,"
"THE MAN FROM MAINE," "ON GUARD," "THE JAIL BIRD,"
"A BREEZY CALL," "WONDERFUL LETTER," ETC.

AUTHOR'S EDITION

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Gen. res. 15 Nov. 44 Franklin



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THE GOLDEN GULCH.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

FRANK EVARTS,	<i>A Government Scout.</i>
GEORGE DIXON,	<i>"Gentleman George," an outlaw.</i>
FERGUS O'GOOLIGAN,	<i>Who runs the "coort."</i>
PETER NAGGLE,	<i>Landlord of the "Golden Gulch" hotel.</i>
CHUMMY LITEWATE,	<i>A New York blossom.</i>
BRONCHO BILL,	<i>A "tough."—Dixon's "pal."</i>
ONE LUNG,	<i>A Chinese servant.</i>
SENATOR JUNIPER TOOTS,	<i>A political "coon."</i>
IKEY EINSTEIN,	<i>A Jew peddler.</i>
TAXICUM SNIFFLES,	<i>An alleged "reformer."</i>
OLD MAGNUS,	<i>A degenerate Indian.</i>
JESS. HORTON,	<i>Betrothed to Frank.</i>
MRS. NAGGLE,	<i>The landlord's wife.</i>
MISS MATILDA COREY,	<i>A faded flower.</i>

PLACE.—California. TIME.—The present day. The first act occurs in the afternoon; the second and third acts on the following day.

TIME OF PLAYING—TWO HOURS AND A QUARTER.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The Golden Gulch Hotel.—The musical Chinaman.—"Annie Rooney."—A scheme.—The festive dude and the negro politician.—The Jew peddler.—Gentleman George makes a purchase.—Jess and the outlaw.—Frank and Naggle compare notes.—"We might hang 'em on general principles."—Old acquaintances.—A warning.—The dude on his muscle.—The card sharper.—The tract distributor.—The game begins.—Frank takes a hand.—"Hands up! I hold a trump card!"—"I hold another!"

ACT II.—Among the hills.—Time, the following morning.—Ireland and Africa at war.—The “noble red man” joins in.—A big scare and nobody hurt.—The missionary makes a trial.—“Big fool! Wah!”—The false message.—The robbery.—Old Ikey in the toils.—The dude investigates.—He strikes a hard customer.—A villainous scheme.—The accusation of murder.—“Stand back! *It's my turn now!*”

ACT III.—At the hotel, an hour later.—Active prohibition.—Toots and O'Gooligan on a bender.—The Chinese way.—The smashed up missionary.—Toots makes an offer.—Frank a prisoner.—Judge O'Gooligan opens court.—A comical judge.—Getting a jury.—“Tut, tut now, don't say a word!”—The trial.—The Judge presents the case.—Some tough evidence.—The verdict.—The attempted murder.—The end of “Gentleman George.”—FINALE.

PROPERTIES.

(See also “SCENE PLOT” and “COSTUMES.”)

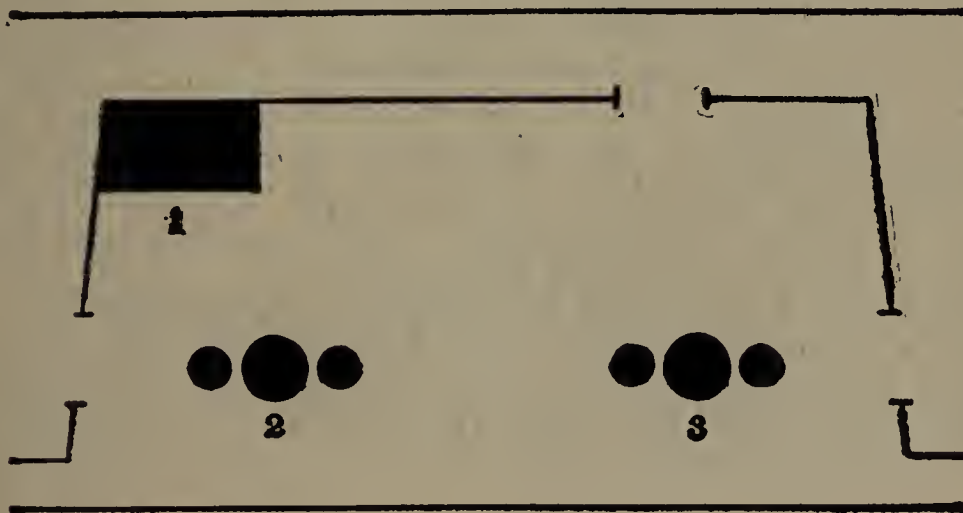
ACT I.—Filled bottles, glasses, and cigars in box on bar; packs of cards on tables; money for GEORGE and LITEWATE; valise, shawl in shawl-strap, hat box and package of cigarettes for TOOTS; revolvers and knives for the various characters; matches; peddler's pack and gold watch for IKEY; letter in envelope for LITEWATE; very large valise containing tracts, for O'GOOLIGAN.

ACT II.—Valise and pole for TOOTS and O'GOOLIGAN; bundle of tracts for SNIFFLES; black cloth masks for GEORGE and BILL; old fashioned pistol for IKEY; revolvers for other characters, one loaded with blank cartridge for FRANK; book for LITEWATE; cigarettes and matches for LITEWATE; peddler's pack for IKEY.

ACT III.—Bar stocked as before; bottle for O'GOOLIGAN; large valise for SNIFFLES; rope for NAGGLE; shot-gun for O'GOOLIGAN; revolvers for other characters, six rough chairs for ONE LUNG to bring on.

STAGE SETTINGS.

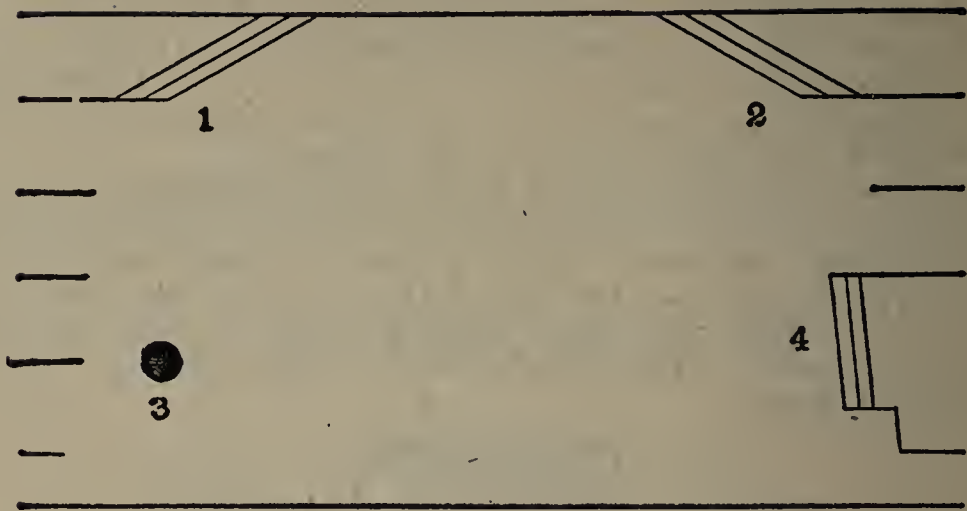
Acts I and III.



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THE GOLDEN GULCH.

Act II.



SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.—Bar room in the Golden Gulch Hotel, in 4th grooves. Doors L. C. in flat, R. I E. and L. I E. (1) short bar up R., with bottles, glasses, cigars, etc. Small, rough pine tables (2) and (3) with stools, R. and L. front; (4) stools up L.

ACT II.—A rocky pass in the mountains, in 5th grooves. Flat shows rocks or mountain scenery. (1) and (2) Set rocks, R. U. E. and L. U. E. (3) Tree stump R. front. (4) Rocky bank L. front. Wings, trees and rocks. Sky borders.

ACT III.—Same as Act I.

COSTUMES.

(See also, "REMARKS ON THE PLAY.")

FRANK EVARTS.—Buckskin suit, with gray woolen shirt underneath coat; wide hat; belt holding revolvers and knife.

GEORGE DIXON.—Dresses in frontier style, but rather loud. Wears soft hat and sports many diamonds.

O'GOOLIGAN.—Old fashioned "swallow tail" coat, plaid trousers, figured vest, soiled collar, flaming tie, battered hat.

NAGGLE.—Woolen shirt, dark vest and trousers; no coat except in second act. Slouch hat.

LITEWATE.—Typical "dude", gotten up in English tourist style. Checked or plaid suit; leggins; double visor cap; short coat.

BILL.—A regular western "tough." Wears trousers in boots, woolen shirt, slouch hat; belt with knife and revolver.

ONE LUNG.—Usual Chinese suit—loose blouse, baggy trousers.

TOOTS.—Modern, but rather "loud" suit. Very large collar and cuffs.

IKEY.—Long coat; dark suit; cap; high boots.

SNIFFLES.—Quaker dress—long, straight coat; white tie; black cotton gloves; straight, broad brim hat.

MAGNUS.—Tattered army blanket; soiled and dirty suit, battered white “plug” hat.

JESS.—Neat house dress. Hat for second act.

MATILDA.—Overdressed, in the regulation “old maid” style.

MRS. NAGGLE.—Plain house dress. Hat for second act.

REMARKS.

THE GOLDEN GULCH is a play of western life, full of breezy action, exciting situations, thrilling incidents, and is fairly bubbling over with that bright fun for which its talented author is famous. It is especially suited for amateurs, owing to the range of its characters and the ease with which it may be produced. Only two scenes are required, both easily arranged, while the costumes and properties are very simple.

For those who take part in the play, the following hints will prove useful in regard to making-up and acting each character.

EVARTS is about twenty-five years of age. He is a fearless, manly young fellow, quick to resent an insult, but neither quarrelsome nor revengeful. He speaks good English, is easy in bearing, and therefore should be free and unrestrained in manner. The climax of each act should be worked up quickly, and the knife fight with GEORGE in the last act must be short and snappy. FRANK “makes up” rather fair.

GEORGE is a dark complexioned man of thirty-five. His hair is black, and he wears a long, black mustache. He uses good English, speaks and acts quietly, but is very quick in movement. In the second act when he accosts FRANK, he wears a rough suit and is disguised with a heavy black beard. He then speaks roughly. In his scene with IKEY he wears a black mask on his face, and when he comes on to accuse FRANK of the murder, he wears the same clothing as in the first act.

LITEWATE is a typical “dude” with the usual drawl, vacant stare and general air of stupidity characteristic of such creatures. The only time that he exhibits any evidence of manhood is when he knocks the Chinaman down, and then he should assume an air of great astonishment at his own bravery. Make him up smooth-faced and very fair.

ONE LUNG is the customary stage Chinaman. In playing this character do not overdo it. The Chinese are not jumping-jacks, remember; therefore play the part rather quietly.

NAGGLE is a middle-aged man, and the part admits of considerable broad comedy in the scenes with MRS. NAGGLE. He should be “made up” red-faced, with a small chin beard. As he does not appear in the second act until near the end, his part is usually doubled with that of MAGNUS.

O'GOOLIGAN is an old-fashioned comedy Irishman, about fifty years of age. He is red-faced, slightly bald, and full of odd mannerisms—sometimes speaking slowly and again with the utmost rapidity. He has a rich brogue, and should be played throughout in the lines of eccentric comedy. His speeches to the jury must be delivered in a highly pompous manner, and his entire acting should be a mixture of pomposity and good fellowship.

BILL is a regulation western rough of thirty. He wears a full beard, speaks gruffly, and is a typical "hard character."

IKEY is a man of between fifty and sixty. He is very dark, with black hair and a long, full beard. Walks slightly bent, but is brisk and energetic in manner.

TOOTS is the usual stage negro, and there is nothing to distinguish him from others of his class except his unusually pompous manner.

SNIFFLES is a "take-off" on the canting, hypocritical "reformer," and the part admits of considerable exaggeration. SNIFFLES walks very erect, uses no gestures, rarely turns his head, and speaks in a nasal, drawling tone. He is smooth-shaven, and is "made up" without color.

MAGNUS is an Indian of uncertain age. He is straight and dignified in spite of his rags. Use the regular shade of "Indian" grease paint, and wear an Indian wig.

JESS is a girl of eighteen. Her "make up" is immaterial, but her face should show considerable healthy color. She has a strong scene in the third act, which must be played with spirit.

MRS. NAGGLE is a brisk, florid, self-assertive woman of forty. Her lines must be spoken rapidly and in a very positive manner.

MATILDA is that well-known character—a theatrical old maid. The paint on her face must be *en évidence*, and she should assume that air of maidenly coyness so characteristic of such roles.

The *business* of this play must be carefully and thoroughly rehearsed, as the action cannot be allowed to drag.

ABBREVIATIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. C. means centre; R., right; L., left; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; C. D., centre door; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; D. R. C., door right of centre; D. L. C., door left of centre; D. F., door in the flat; C. D. F., centre door in the flat; R. D. F., right door in the flat; L. D. F., left door in the flat; 1 G., 2 G., 3 G., etc., first, second or third grooves, etc.; 1 E., 2 E., 3 E., etc., first, second or third entrances, etc.; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance; UP, up stage, or toward the rear; DOWN, down stage, or toward the audience; X. means to cross the stage; X. R., cross toward the right; X. L., cross toward the left.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.





THE GOLDEN GULCH.

ACT I.

Scene.—*Bar-room in the Golden Gulch Hotel, in 4th grooves. Doors L. C. in flat, R. I E. and L. I E. Short bar up R., with bottles, glasses, etc. Small rough tables and stools R. and L. front. Stools up L.*

Enter ONE LUNG, D. F.

One L. (*Sings as he enters ; air, "ANNIE ROONEY."*).

Slee's my sweeth'a't I'm hay beau,
Slee's my Annie I'm hay Joe ;
Soon we'll mally, neva to pa't,
Li'le Annie Looney is my sweeth'a't.

Me singee Annie Looney all samee like Melican man. Ole man Naggle say me singee likee tom cat. Ole man Naggle big foolee. (*Looks around.*) Allee 'lone? Ah! (*Points to bar.*) Buggee juice! Me feel velly sick. Need buggee juice. (*Tiptoes to bar, and takes bottle.*) Ah—lookee good—smellee good—tastee good. (*Business of smelling and drinking.*) Buggee juice good fo' Chinaman. (*Drinks.*) Ah. Feelee good. Me dancee! (*Dances and sings.*)

Enter MRS. NAGGLE, *with broom*, D. F.

Mrs. N. Oh, I'll give you Annie Rooney! (*Beats him with broom.*)

One L. Oh, me sick, me sick!

[*Runs down R.*

Mrs. N. I'll make you sicker!

[*Starts down R.*

One L. (*on knees*). Oh Miss Naggle, me velly, velly sick,

(*Hands on stomach.*) Me gottee clamp in stomach. Me die, me die! Oh! Me die heap soon quick!

Enter NAGGLE, D. F.

Nag. What's the matter now?

One L. Me most dead.

Mrs. N. I caught him drinking some of your vile whiskey, and he says he has a cramp, and I don't doubt it, for the horrible stuff you sell would cramp a wagon. If you were a decent man, Mr. Naggle, you would pitch it all out doors instead of selling it to the poor miners to give them hypos and jim jams, so you would.

One L. (*aside*). She givee ole man fits. Hoolay!

Nag. But, my dear, I——

Mrs. N. Don't dear me. Every time that I come into this room, (*backs NAGGLE towards D. F.*) I get so mad that I could take you and shake you right out of your shoes!

[*They exeunt, D. F.*

One L. Ole woman gottee backee up. Allee samee me no care. (*Sits at table R., with cards.*) Have gamee cards.

[*Plays.*

Enter BRONCHO BILL and GEORGE, D. F.

Bill. All right, pard. We kin have a quiet talk here.

[*Jerks ONE LUNG to his feet and sends him spinning to L. front.*

One L. Big Bill choakee!

Bill. Clear out, you moon-eyed leper.

One L. Eh, Whatee you say?

Bill (*points revolver*). You git.

One L. You bet!

[*Runs off, L. I E.*

Geo. (*sits R., laughing*). You waste little ceremony on him.

Bill. Yer right, pard. Them air heathens aint no 'count, mor'n a Digger Injun. Ef I had my way, I'd run every blamed yaller face'n tenderfoot outer ther State.

Geo. Not the latter, old man. They are too rich plucking.

Bill. Wall, ef I cud hold up a stage coach easy as you do, I'd——

Geo. (*cautiously*). Hush! Walls have ears, you know.

Bill. Don't be skeered, pard. Thar's nobody listenin'. I seen the sheriff goin' over ter Duffy's, an' that cussed Frank Evarts aint nowhar 'round.

Geo. Do you think that the sheriff suspects?

Bill. Nary a time. That feller Evarts is up to snuff though.

Geo. (*savagely*). I'll snuff him out if he crosses my path.

Bill. Shake, pard. (*They clasp hands.*) I'm with ye thar. I hate that feller wuss 'n pizen. An' I jest——

Geo. Never mind him now. Tell me what you know about this Jew peddler.

Bill. Wall, old Ikey he's got dead loads o' swag about him. He don't peddle 'round these air diggins fer nothin'. He has a pile o' rich jew'lry an' I reckon as how he's a big wad o' ther needful salted down in his clothes.

Geo. When will he leave here?

Bill. To-night or to-morrer mornin', I reckon. He'll cross ther Divide an' head fer Sandy Bar. That's ther way he allers goes.

Geo. Does he travel alone?

Bill. Yes, onless some o' ther boys should be goin' his way.

Geo. That reminds me. I heard Evarts say that he was going over to Sandy Bar in the morning. It's a short walk, and we'll see that Ikey goes with him. When they get well up the Divide I'll rig myself up in one of my disguises and send Evarts back on a fool's errand.

Bill. And then?

Geo. Why then we'll cook the Jew's goose and lay it to Evarts.

Bill. You're a slick one. No wonder they call you "Gentleman George." You're jest as fly a gent as I ever see.

Geo. Thanks. Does the Jew go armed?

Bill. Yes—but we'll cover him afore he can draw.

Geo. Hush! Some one is coming. Deal the cards.

[*They play.*]

Enter TOOTS, MATILDA and CHUMMY, D. F.

Toots. Har yo' is, sah. Dis am de hotel.

Mat. Goodness gracious! Do they call *this* a hotel?

Chum. Yaas. But it's an awfully rough place, don't you know. Bah Jove! I wonder where the landlord is.

Toots. Dunno sah. (*Places bundles etc. on bar.*) I'll fine out.

Chum. Yaas, do. [*Places stool for MATILDA who sits at rear.*]

Toots (*to GEORGE*). 'Scuse me sah, but are yo' de lan'lord?

Geo. No. Who are you?

Toots. Who is I? I? Why sah, I'se Senator Juniper Toots, sah. I'se a politician sah. Dat's what I is.

Geo. A politician, eh? What are you doing here?

Toots. Well sah, yo' see, politics am pow'ful weak jes' now, so I'se cavortin' eround as de trabblin' kimpanion ob er gemman ob leisure.

[*Lights cigarette.*]

Bill. Say, come here.

Toots (*comes to table*). Yes, sah.

Bill. Is he heeled?

[CHUMMY searches valise.

Toots. I dunno wha' yo' mean, sah.

Bill. I mean has he got any dust.

Toots. Oh yes, sah, he am berry dusty.

Bill. You infernal baboon! I want to know——

Geo. (*aside to BILL*). Easy, Bill. (*Aloud.*) My friend wants to know if the gentleman is wealthy.

Toots. Oh yes, sah. He am berry rich.

Chum. Juniper!

Toots. Yes sah.

Chum. I cawnt find me cigawettes.

Toots (*producing package*). Har dey am, sah. I done took 'em to keep 'em from spilin'. [*Comes down.*]

Chum. Yaas. He has kept a number from spoiling.

Toots. Duz yo' gemmen——

Chum. Juniper!

Toots. Yes sah.

Chum. Pawfume me handkerchief.

Toots. Yes sah.

[*Joins CHUMMY.*]

Bill. Is that air thing what they call a dood?

Geo. Yes—he 's a genuine specimen.

Bill. I wonder what them things war made fer.

Geo. This one was made for me to pluck.

Enter NAGGLE, R I E.

Bill. I say, Sheriff, here's some customers for you.

Mat. Customers? (*To BILL.*) Look here, mister, I'll have you to know if you please, that I'm not in the habit of boarding in jail with a sheriff, though you look as if you were and that's a fact, and if you aint you ought to be, which is my opinion and I don't care who knows it. And I'll have you to know that I'm Miss Matilda Corey of Massachusetts where I've been teaching school, and my folks are as good as anybody else's, mister! Sheriff indeed!

Geo. (*rising and bowing*). Miss, allow me to apologize for my friend. The sheriff is also the landlord of this hotel, so you see this gentleman meant no offence.

Mat. Well, I'm glad to know that.

Geo. I assure you on my honor as a gentleman, that there isn't a man in the Golden Gulch who would knowingly say a word to offend such a charming young lady as yourself.

Mat. (*gushingly*). Thank you sir. (*Aside.*) What a perfectly delightful man. Sit still my heart!

Bill (*aside*). Well, ef he ain't got nerve!

Nag. Would you like a room, miss?

Mat. So you are the landlord, eh?

Nag. Yes, miss.

Mat. And the sheriff too?

Nag. Yes, miss; I have that honor.

Mat. Well you ought to arrest yourself and lock yourself up for false pretenses in running a place like this, calling it a hotel and getting people's money without value received, and I want a room facing the east only one flight up and——

Nag. Excuse me, I'll call my wife. (*At D. F., calls.*) Mrs. Naggle! Come here, please. (*Aside.*) I hope they'll talk each other's heads off.

Enter MRS. NAGGLE, D. F.

Mrs. N. Well, what is it?

Nag. This—er—young lady desires a room.

Mrs. N. All right—this way, miss. I'll show you the best room in the house, and will do my best to make it comfortable for you. We make no pretensions here to style, but we try to make our guests feel at home.

Mat. (*goes up, talking right through MRS. NAGGLE's speech without paying any attention to her*). I am glad to see a woman's face again, for it seems an age since I left home, and I am very shy and retiring in nature and it is really painful for me to be thrown into the society of these dreadful men, and I feel as if I should drop from fatigue. [*Exit D. F., with MRS. NAGGLE, both talking.*]

Nag. It's a dead heat. I reckon Mrs. Naggle has found her match at last.

Geo. Where did you find her?

Chum. I didn't find her anywhere, don't you know. She found me, and I wish she'd lose me. I say, landlord——

Nag. Yes, sir. Can I do anything for you?

Chum. Yaas. I'd like a woom, don't you know.

Toots. Yes, sah. We'd bofe like a room.

Chum. (*to TOOTS*). I'll do the talking, don't you know.

Nag. What sort of room do you want?

Chum. A woom with a-aw-heat and a bawth.

Toots. Yes, sah. We wants a fiah an' bath.

Chum. Blaust it, Juniper, shut up.

Toots. Yes, sah. [*Gathers up valise, bundles, etc.*]

Nag. I can fix you up. I have a nice room with a real bed, and a nice, new, tin basin.

Chum. (*aside*). A tin basin! Good gwacious!

Nag. Would you like to see it?

Chum. Oh yaas—I suppose so.

Nag. This way, then. [*Goes L., followed by CHUMMY.*]

Toots (*who has stolen a drink from the bottle on bar*). Wow! Ouch! O-o-o-ooch! [*Drops everything and doubles up.*]

Chum. Good gwacious!

All. What's the matter?

Toots. Ise killed, Ise killed! De pizen in dat bottle!

Nag. Poison? It's my best whiskey. Come along.

Toots. Am dat so? (*Gathers up packages.*) It burned a hole right frew de back ob my neck. Golly! A bottle ob dat stuff ud heat a room a hunnerd degrees 'bove bilein'.

[*Follows the others off* L. I E.

Geo. That tenderfoot will be an easy mark.

Bill. Yer right. Wouldn't mind havin' a whack at him myself.

[*Rises and goes up.*

Geo. Well, I think I'll take a stroll.

[*Rises.*

Bill (*at D. F.*). Hole on a minute. Here comes ole Ikey.

Geo. Good. Keep mum now—I've got a scheme.

Enter IKEY, with bundle, D. F.

Ikey. Goot day, shentlemen—goot day.

Geo. Hello, Ikey! How do you flourish? [*Shakes hands.*

Ikey. Vell, I'm alive und kicking, ain't it?

Geo. Getting rich I suppose?

Ikey. Rich? (*Placing bundle on floor in front of bar.*) Me? So hellup me gracious, shentlemens, I sells my goods so sheap I gets poorer und poorer effery day.

Bill. Bah! He makes me tired! [*Sits R. of table, R.*

Geo. Well, what have you so cheap now?

Ikey (*briskly*). Efferyting—efferyting. Vot you vant, eh? Rings, pins, chains, or a bootiful golt vatch, eh?

Geo. Show me a watch—a good one, mind you.

Ikey. Solid golt, eh?

Geo. Do you suppose I would carry a Waterbury?

Ikey. Uf course not. 'Sh! Don't say nottings. (*Takes watch from pocket.*) I haf here a magneeficent golt repeater dot I got right from Geneva. It vas bootiful, bootiful. Oxamine it, mine frient.

Geo. (*looks at watch*). Quite a watch. What's it worth?

Ikey. Dot votch? Dere vos nottings to equal dot piece of vork in der whole—

Geo. What's it worth, I said?

Ikey. 'Sh! Don't tole somebody—people might say I vos crazy—but you can have dot votch for a t'ousand tollar. I haf shown dot to a lot uf de boys, und dey all say—

Geo. (*returning watch*). Good-day.

[*Goes up.*

Ikey. Here—here! Vot's der matter mit you?

Geo. Oh, nothing.

[*Continues up.*

Ikey. Vait! Come back. (*GEORGE returns.*) I tell you you vot; it's ruination to me, but take it for seven hundred.

Geo. Not to-day.

[*Going.*

Ikey. Here! Don't rush off like dot. I shall be so prout to see you carry dot vatch dot I lose a couple hundred. Gif me five hundred.

Geo. Too high.

Ikey. Suffering Abraham! He vants to ruin me. Vot you give, eh?

Geo. I'll go two hundred for it.

Ikey. Goot day, mine friend.

[Starts up.

Geo. All right, good day.

Ikey (*pausing at D. F.*). I tells you vot—gif me——

Geo. Not another red.

Ikey. Say three hundred.

Geo. I said two hundred.

Ikey. Vell—take it. But if mine brooder Moses hear uf it he dies uf a broken heart.

[Gives watch.

Geo. Here you are.

[Pays IKEY.

Ikey. Yesh. (*Counts money.*) Correct. By de vay, vos dere somebody going ofer to Sandy Bar to-night?

Geo. No, but Frank Evarts, the scout, is going over in the morning.

Ikey. Den I vaits und goes mit him. (*Goes R., aside.*) Dot sale vos ruination. I makes only a hundred und fifty tollars on dot votch!

[Exit, R. I E.

Bill. Wall, that gits me.

Geo. What?

Bill. Wall, I thought I war purty fly, but blamed ef I kin see why you bought ther watch when you'd a pinched it to-morrer anyhow.

Geo. I told you I had a scheme.

Bill. Spit er out.

Geo. Ikey has shown this watch to several of the boys. Suppose it is found in Evarts' possession? This, with our testimony, will be enough to hang him.

Bill (*rising*). Kin you do it?

Geo. Certainly I can.

Bill. Put 'er thar, pard. (*Shakes hand.*) You're a fust-class un, you are.

Geo. That Evarts is entirely too good for this wicked world.

Bill. So we'll send him whar he'll be 'preciated.

Enter JESS, D. F.

Jess. Will you, though!

Bill. Eh? Oh, it's you, is it?

Jess. Yes, it's me is it. You're a healthy specimen, you are, to talk about doin' Frank Evarts. Why, you big coward, he'll break you right into bits.

Bill. Shut up, you jade!

Geo. (*laughing*). Go it, spit-fire!

Jess (*to* GEORGE). And you, too! You try to pass yourself off as a gentleman. But it won't work in these diggin's. If possible, you're worse 'n that big loafer. [*Pointing to* BILL.]

Bill (*shakes* JESS). Shut up now, or I'll shake yer sassy head off!

Enter FRANK, D. F., *carrying a coat which he throws on chair near door. Springs forward, knocks BILL down, draws JESS to him with left arm, and covers BILL with revolver.*

Frank (*coolly*). I guess not!

Bill. Curse you I'll—I'll——

Frank. Oh, no, you won't. Get up. (BILL *rises*.) Get out.

Bill (*at* D. F.). You'll hear from me.

Frank (*shaking revolver*). And you'll hear from this, if you say another word. (Exit BILL, D. F. FRANK and JESS *go down* R. GEORGE *slips the watch into a pocket of* FRANK'S *coat which lies on the chair, and* Exit *quietly*, D. F.)

Frank. Did he hurt you?

Jess. Nope. Made my teeth rattle some.

[*Sits* R.]

Frank (*seated* R.). You're a strange girl.

Jess. Why?

Frank. Are you really afraid of anything?

Jess. Lots. There's mice—and spiders—and—dudes!

Frank. Dudes?

Jess. Yes. I never saw one, but if I should, I'd be afraid to touch him for fear he'd break.

Chum. (*off* L. I E.). Juniper! Juniper!

Toots (*off* L. I E.). Comin' sah, comin'.

Enter CHUMMY, L. I E.

Chum. Blaust the fellah, anyhow!

[*Looks off* L. I E.]

Jess. For goodness' sake, what is it?

Frank. It's a dude.

Jess (*rises*). Oh!

Frank. Don't be alarmed. It's perfectly gentle.

Chum. There nevah was such a—(*sees* FRANK.) Well, bah jove!

Frank. It's Chummy Litewate! Where did you drop from?

Chum. From the woom above. Awfully glad to see you. (*Shakes hands*.) Be careful of me hand! You have a gwip like a vise, don't ye know.

Frank. Excuse me—I forgot.

Chum. Who's the young lady?

Frank (*looks at JESS who nods*). Miss Horton, let me present my friend Mr. Litewate from New York.

Chum. Chawmed, I'm sure,

Jess. Me too, [*Shakes his hand vigorously.*]

Chum. Ya—ya—yaas. Oh say, p-p-please let go, don't ye know.

Jess. Pardon me—did I hurt you?

Chum. N-no—you didn't hurt *me*, but you mashed me fingers, you did weally. [*Goes up.*]

Jess (*to FRANK*). There, I told you! (*Goes R.*) I knew I could never, *never* touch a dude without breaking it. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

Chum. Moses! Who is the—aw—female Samson?

Frank. Jessie Horton, the landlord's niece; the best and brightest girl in the hills; wild as a young hawk, but true as steel and pure as gold.

Enter NAGGLE, D. F.

Nag. (*gloomily*). Howdy, Frank.

Frank. Hello, old man. You look blue. What's the trouble?

Nag. Another hold-up.

Frank. When?

Nag. Last night, on the old Divide; mail bags robbed, passengers ditto, horses turned loose and harness cut to thunder.

Enter MATILDA, D. F.

Chum. (*aside*). Wobbers! Oh Lord!

Mat. Robbers! Oh! Goodness, gracious sakes alive! We'll all be murdered! Save me, save me! (*Throws her arms around CHUMMY'S neck.*)

Chum. Yaas. Do save her, somebody. I cawn't.

Frank. Don't be alarmed, Miss. There are no robbers here.

Mat. I am *so* glad! But if—if any *should* come, you wouldn't let them carry me off—now would you?

Frank. Certainly not.

Chum. (*aside*). If he knew her as well as *I* do, he wouldn't say that.

Mat. I am *so* afraid of robbers. I came pretty near seeing a burglar once, and I just know I should have been scared to death, if I had.

Chum. (*aside*). What a pity she didn't see him!

Nag. Well, miss, as long as I run this hotel, and especially as long as my wife is in it, you're safe enough.

Mat. Thank you, indeed. (*Goes up.*) By the way, is my room provided with electric lights?

Nag. Electric lights? Well, no. We're just out of electricity, but we're got some blazing good tallow candles.

Mat. Candles! It's a relic of the Dark Ages. How *do* people spend their evenings here? Is there a Browning Club in town?

Nag. I allow not, Miss. We've got a ruther frisky poker club, but there ain't no ladies belonging to it, as I know of. Still, if you'd like to join—

Mat. Horrors! I'll go to my room and ruminate over the terrible wilderness that I've drifted into. [Exit, D. F.]

Chum. Good widdance. [Goes to bar and lights cigarette.]

Frank (*to Naggle*). Now tell me about that hold-up. Have you any idea who did it?

Nag. Nary a one. I tell you, Frank, if this here thing keeps up, I'll resign.

Frank. I may be dead wrong, but I believe that Gentleman George and Broncho Bill are the leaders of this gang.

Nag. Any proof?

Frank. No. That's the worst of it.

Nag. I suppose we *might* hang 'em on general principles, seeing as one is a card sharper and the other a tough.

Frank. But those are not hanging offenses.

Nag. Right you are, Frank, right you are. Come to think of it, if they *was* capital crimes why, gambling and toughness would stretch the necks of half the men in the Gulch. Besides, we've got to do everything on the dead level now, seeing's we've got a new Justice of the Peace.

Frank. A new Justice, eh? Who is it?

Nag. O'Gooligan.

Frank. What—old Sniffles' side partner?

Nag. He's the bird.

Frank. But he knows nothing about law.

Nag. 'Course not, and that's why the boys elected him.

Frank. When did this happen?

Nag. 'Bout half an hour ago, down at Duffy's saloon. O'Gooligan doesn't know it yet. He's the right sort, even if he does work for old Sniffles.

Frank. Sniffles is trying to put down the liquor traffic, and O'Gooligan is helping him by trying to drink all the whiskey in the Gulch.

Chum. Frank, introduce your friend. I've spoken to him in the way of business, but I cawn't talk to him, don't you know, until we're introduced.

Frank. Certainly. Here, Naggle, shake hands with Mr. Lite-wate whom I met in New York last winter.

Chum. (*to Naggle*). Chawmed to know you.

Nag. Same here, pard. [Shakes his hand vigorously.]

Chum. Oh—I—o-o-oh! (*Releases hand.*) Gwate Scott! You've cwushed me hand too, don't ye know. It's too much.

Nag. That's all right, pard—here, (*fills glass from bottle on bar*) have a drink. That'll take the kinks out.

Chum. Excuse me, weally, but I don't dare wisk it. Me niggah dwank some of it and it almost killed him, don't ye know.

Enter TOOTS, L. & E.

Toots. Yes sah; dar's jes' no sorter doubt 'bout dat. Dat ar licker jes' done burn' a hole right frew me. I won't be no good in polertics no mo.'

Frank. Why not?

Toots. Kase I can't hold licker wiv er hole burn' frew me. No use bein' er polertician ef yo' can't hold licker—I tole yer.

Chum. We'll excuse you, Juniper. Wun up to my woom and see if everything is all wight.

Toots. Yes sah.

[*Goes L.*

Chum. And—er—Juniper!

Toots (*pausing*). Yes, sah.

Chum. Lay out my pink bawth wobe instead of the sky blue.

Toots. Yes, sah.

[*Exit, L. & E.*

Frank. How did you happen to drift in here?

Chum. It was the Guv'nor's doings. He said twavel would do me good, don't ye know. And—ah—by the way, I have a lettah that he told me to give you.

Frank (*takes letter*). Excuse me. (*Comes down a little and reads aloud.* NAGGLE and CHUMMY converse.) "Mr. Frank Evarts: Dear Sir. The bearer, as you know, is my son. He is a dude very largely, and a fool considerably. I think that a little rough life in the west will knock the fool out and pound a little sense into him. Please keep him out of danger and tell him to go in when it rains. Yours truly"—(*speaks*) Well, well!

Chum. Does the Guv'nor give me a woast? Because he laughed when he w'ote the lettah, and he always gives me the dickens when he laughs, don't you know.

Frank. He thinks it will do you good to rough it a little.

Chum. Oh, yaas. I suppose I will become quite tough. I have learned how to play pokah, and I am going to learn how to smoke cigaws and sweah, bah Jove I am.

Nag. (*aside*). The thunderin' fool!

Frank. You'd better let the cards alone.

Nag. 'Specially with Gentleman George.

Chum. But I always play with gentlemen.

Frank. Then keep away from George, for he would beat you out of your eye teeth.

Nag. He ain't cut any yet. (*To Frank.*) It'll do the dude good to git his leg pulled. [*Saunters off, L. I E.*]

Frank (*picks up coat and goes L.*). Well, keep your eyes open. We'll see you later. [*Exit, L. I E.*]

Chum. Oh, yaas—I'll keep my eyes open except when I'm asleep, don't ye know.

Enter NAGGLE, L. I E.

Nag. Well, is everything all right, Mr. Litewate?

Chum. Oh, yaas. It's dweadful wough, but I suppose I'll get used to that aftah a while.

Nag. Rough? Look here, stranger, I've got the toniest hotel on the slope—real beds, table cloths, wash basins, towels and soap! I reckon you aint posted much on hotels.

Chum. Oh, I—ah—meant no offense, don't you know, weally.

Enter ONE LUNG, R. I E.

One L. Ole Ikey eatee, eatee, eatee. Bimeby sizz! (*points up*) he bustee.

Nag. Has that Sheeney been eating all this time?

One L. You betee. Eatee, stuffee, callee foh mo' glub allee time.

Nag. I'll see about that. (*Goes R.*) One Lung!

One L. (*jumps*). Yessee.

Nag. Go to work, or I'll skin you alive. [*Exit, R. I E.*]

One L. No skinee Chinaman. (*Sees CHUMMY.*) Hello! Dudee. Chinaman lickee him foh cent. (*Slaps CHUMMY on the back.*) Hello, dudee!

Chum. Eh? Look heah—I nevah allow liberties like that, you wetched cweature.

One L. Shutee up! Wantee fight? Me punchee head.

[*"Squares off" awkwardly.*]

Chum. Get out, you yellow beggah.

One L. Whatee? (*Dances about.*) Callee names? Come on, me putee head on you. [*Rushes at CHUMMY.*]

Chum. (*knocks him down*). Take that, bah Jove!

One L. Oh! (*Rises, holding jaw.*) Me gettee fooled. Dudee hittee all heap same like mulee kick. Jaw all bustee. [*Goes R.*]

Chum. I say—don't you want to fight?

One L. Not muchee. You knockee Chinaman's head off. Me velly sick. Need buggee juice. [*Starts up.*]

Nag. (*off R. I E.*) One Lung!

One L. (*disgusted*). Oh! Gettee left—head punchee—jaw bustee—blastee luck!

[*Exit, R. I E.*]

Chum. Yaas. (*Looks after him.*) I'm weally quite a sluggah aftah all, bah Jove I am.

Enter GEORGE and BILL, D. F.

Bill. Thar's yer bird—a reg'lar jay, ain't he now?

Geo. Easy, Bill. Treat him politely. (*to CHUMMY.*) How do you do, sir?

Chum. Aw—beg pawdon don't ye know. Whom have I the—aw—

Geo. My name is Dixon, and this is my friend Broncho Bill—the famous horseman. You are Mr. Litewate?

Chum. Yaas—but how did you know?

Geo. I have heard of you often as one of the leaders of New York society.

Chum. (*pleased*). Yaas?

Geo. And as I heard you were coming here, I guessed at once who you were.

Bill. An' ther minnit I seen you I knowed to once that you're a sportin' gent.

Chum. Oh, yaas, I like sport. Is there anything lively going on heah?

Geo. Very little except when some of the boys get warmed up in a game of cards.

Chum. Oh, I play cards don't ye know—especially pokah.

Geo. Indeed?

Bill. I knowed he was a sport.

Chum. Do you play pokah?

Geo. Very little; I am not posted on the game, and—

Bill (*aside*). Oh lord! That gives me a twist!

Geo. And, besides, I think that gambling is wrong.

Chum. But, weally, there is no harm in a game of pokah—I assure you there isn't.

Bill. He's right thar.

Chum. If you're not engaged, we might have a quiet little game.

Geo. All right—but I'm afraid you are too sharp for me.

Chum. (*goes to table R.*). On me word of honah, I'll not take any advawntage of you. [*They sit—GEORGE at L. of table.*]

Geo. Thank you, sir. Cut for deal? (*They cut.*) You have it—go ahead. [*CHUMMY shuffles and deals.*]

Chum. Shall we make it a fiver to come in?

Geo. As you please.

[*They play.*]

Enter NAGGLE, L. I E.

Nag. Hello—the sheep-shearin' has begun.

Bill. Howdy, Sheriff.

Nag. Howdy.

Bill. Hev a game o' seven-up fer the drinks?

Nag. I'll go you one.

[*They sit at table, L.*]

Bill (*cutting for deal*). Your deal.

Nag. (*dealing*). I hear as how they've ketched the fellers who held up the stage last night.

Geo. (*turning quickly in seat*). The deuce they have—I mean I hope they'll hang the fellows. Who are they?

Nag. (*carelessly*). Dunno. Heard they got nabbed in the valley. It's none of my affair.

Chum. It's youah say.

Geo. Oh yes—let me see—

Enter SNIFFLES and O'GOOLIGAN, D. F.

Snif. Gambling! Gambling! Beelzebub is loose!

O'G. (*sees bottle on bar*). No, begorry, he's thare bottled up—
an'—an' Oi think Oi ought to let him out. [*Starts for bar.*]

Snif. Mr. O'Gooligan!

[*Looks straight ahead.*]

O'G. (*aside*). Bad cess to him! (*Aloud.*) Yis, sor.

Snif. Give me some tracts.

O'G. Yis, sor. (*Opens valise.*) What do yez want?

Snif. I want tracts on the Evils of Gambling, Rum, Tobacco, Bad Language, Evil Associates—

O'G. Hould on, hould on—give me toime. (*Takes tracts from valise.*) “Rum an' Tobaccy;” “Avils av Gamblin' ;” “Bad Language”—thare ye air. [*Gives tracts to SNIFFLES.*]

Chum. I waise you ten.

Snif. Degenerate mortals, have a tract. (*Throws tracts on table R., and crosses to table L.*) And you, more degenerate mortals, have another tract. [*Same business.*]

Bill. Go to blazes, you ole chump!

Snif. The voice of the wicked is heard in the land.

Bill. And the toe of the wicked will be felt unless you clear out. [*Resumes play.*]

Chum. Twacts? Is he one of the Salvation Army?

Snif. No, young man, I am but a humble worker striving to put down King Alcohol.

O'G. (*at bar*). An' Oi'm another who is strivin' to put him down, bedad. (*Drinks.*) Faith, Oi loike to stop at a hotel loike this, whare the landlord laves the liquor on the bar.

Geo. What have you got?

Chum. A flush.

Geo. No good—Jacks full.

[*Pulls in stakes and deals.*]

O'G. An' Oi'll be full too, av they lave me alone.

Snif. Mr. O'Gooligan, we're wasting time here. Let us go hence, where my efforts will be appreciated. Come!

[Exit, D. F.]

O'G. Faith, now, Oi dunno. The ould crank pays me well to carry his stuff around, but me darlin' (*to bottle*), I hate to lave ye here to corrupt men's moinds. (*Looks around and sees that he is unnoticed.*) Oi'll take ye along wid me, an' remove wan timptation from sufferin' humanity. (*Takes a drink quickly, then places bottle under coat, picks up valise and staggers toward D. F.*) Whoop! Hould the dure stiddy for me somebody—who-o-op!

[Exit, D. F.]

Chum. I'm having blawsted bad luck, don't ye know.

Geo. Oh, you'll rake in a jack pot directly.

Bill. George is having a soft snap thar.

Nag. I suppose so. It's your deal.

Geo. I say, Naggle, bring me a cigar. (*To CHUMMY.*) Smoke?

Chum. Ah—er—yaas, oh yaas!

Nag. (*brings cigars*). Here you are—clear Havanas.

Chum. (*takes cigar*). I suppose I'm taking me life in me hands.

Geo. (*lights cigar*). It's your deal.

Chum. Yaas.

[Deals.]

Enter FRANK, D. F.

Frank. So—he has fallen into that fellow's clutches already.

[Comes down R., unseen by the others.]

Geo. I'll go you fifty better.

Chum. Bah Jove! I'll waise you a hundred!

Geo. Five hundred better.

Chum. Yaas? Well then I'll waise you——

Frank. O, no you wont.

Geo. (*savagely*). What do you mean?

Frank (*to CHUMMY*). I warned you once, my friend, against playing with this thieving card sharper!

[Dashes cards into GEORGE'S face.]

Geo. (*rising quickly and reaching for revolver*). Curse you!

Frank (*aims revolver*). Hands up! I hold a trump card! (*GEORGE raises hands. At this instant JESS and MATILDA enter D. F. MATILDA yells "MURDER! SAVE ME!" and throws her arms around NAGGLE. BILL meanwhile draws a knife and rushes at FRANK.*)

Jess (*stops BILL with revolver*). And I hold another!

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

Scene.—*A rocky pass in 5th grooves. Mountain scenery on flat. Set rocks R. U. E. and L. U. E. Tree stump R. front. Rocky bank L. front. Wings, trees and rocks. Sky borders.*

Enter O'GOOLIGAN and 'TOOTS, L. U. E., bearing pole across shoulders, on which valise is slung.

Toots. 'I say, boss, whar de debbil am we gittin' to, nohow?

O'G. Faith, Oi dunno. They tould me to folly me nose an' bedad Oi've kipt it in plain soight all the toime.

Toots. Well, I moves dat dis yar percession took a rest.

[*Throws off pole, letting valise drop.*]

O'G. Hould on, nagur! (*Goes to valise.*) Ye black imp o' Satan!

Toots (*shaking fist*). Who yo' callin' niggah?

O'G. (*kneeling and opening valise*). Hould yer tongue.

Toots. Don' yo' sass me! (*Dancing about.*) I'll broke yo' head, I will. I'll done gib yo' fo' weeks fit ob sickness! Oh, Ge——

O'G. (*looking up calmly*). Nagur! (*Shaking finger, warningly.*) In this valise—among the thracts—thare is a bottle o' the rale ould stuff. Now, av that bottle is bruck—bruck moind ye—Oi'm going to give ye a thrashin' that will last ye as long as ye live an' fer some toime afther.

Toots. Wha—wha yo' say? Whiskey in dat ar' ole grip? Fo' de lan' sake, why din' yo' tole me afore? Ef I'd a known dat, I'd a let 'er down jes' as easy as er fedder.

O'G. (*searching valise*). Moind what Oi tould ye. Av it's—(*produces bottle*) Hooray! Glory! It's all roight. Ah me jewel (*to bottle*), the thracts were a cushion for ye. (*Drinks.*) It's mate an' drink both ye air.

Toots. Hey dar! Duz yo' want me to choke ter def an' fall down dead standin' up?

O'G. Wait yer turn nagur. (*Drinks.*) That makes a man brave.

Toots. 'Cose it duz; an'—an' I wanter be brave too, kase dar may be Injins eroun' heah.

O'G. Injuns! (*Runs down to R. front, kneels and drinks.*) Injuns! (*Drinks.*) Oh, Oi'm kilt, Oi'm kilt entoirely.

Toots (*with contempt*). Fo' de lan' sake! Whut yo' skeerd at, nohow? I din' say dar wus Injuns hyar.

O'G. Av coorse not. (*Rises tipsily.*) Oi—ic—Oi wasn't frightened. Bedad, Oi—ic—Oi was only foolin'. (*Gives bottle.*) Hare, nagur Oi belave ye're scared. Take some.

Toots. Har's my regards.

[Drinks.

O'G. What an openin'—ic—what an openin' fer a liquor store.

Toots. Look heah, Irish, don' yo' be salubrious, kase (drinks)
kase I'se dang'us I is.

[Drinks.

O'G. Hould on now, ye black son o' Ham—ye've—ic—ye've
had enough.

Toots. Yo' go to de debbil!

[Drinks.

O'G. Phwat! (*Jumps up and slaps stage with hand.*) Come
on! (*Pulls up sleeves.*) Come on, ye white-livered black-faced
omadhaun! (TOOTS drinks.) Come on till I wipe ye aff the face
o' the earth.

[Dances about.

Toots. Go 'way—ic—go 'way white trash.

[Drinks.

O'G. Trash is it? (*Kicks TOOTS.*) Take that now.

Toots (*calmly*). Ise been insulted. Ise shore Ise been in-
sulted. Ef I had my razzer heah I'd cut 'im.

O'G. (*kicks TOOTS again*). Thare! Will yez foight now?

Toots. Yas, sah! (*Goes R. and places bottle on stump.*) See me
par'lize dis foreign impo'tation.

O'G. Oi'll do him in wan round!

[*They clinch and, yelling, work to, L. front.*

Enter MAGNUS, R. U. E.; *he runs down, gets bottle, and goes up R. a
little. Drinks. O'GOOLIGAN and TOOTS separate, and stand
apart, L.*

Toots. Oh, my nose!

O'G. Oh, me eye!

Mag. Pale face fight; Injun drink.

[Drinks.

Toots (*frightened*). Who—who—who's dat?

O'G. What's what?

Toots. I frot I heerd suffin.

O'G. Yer mistaken. Nagur, I'm satisfoied ye kin foight.
Thare's me hand.

Toots. Yes sah. (*Shakes hands.*) You'se anudder. We'se de
champions, ain't we? We ain't skeerd o' nuffin, is we?

O'G. Divil a bit.

Toots (*shakes head*). I'd like to see anyfing scar' me.

O'G. Let's have another drink.

Toots. Dat's me!

[*They lock arms and turn R., seeing MAGNUS for the first time.*

Mag. How!

O'G. Injuns! Oh! (*Runs to L. front.*) Oi'm killed, Oi'm killed!

Toots (*same business*). So'm I, so'm I!

[*Gets behind O'GOOLIGAN.*

Mag. Ugh! Heap fools! Wah!

Toots. Oh please, mistah Injun, spar' our lives—specially mine.
Ise too young to die, I is.

O'G. Kill the nagur av ye want to, but don't kill me ; Oi'm too good luckin' to die.

Toots. So'm I. Anybody kin see dat.

Mag. Wah ! (*Drinks.*) Magnus, big Injun.

O'G. Nagur !

Toots. Huh ?

O'G. Luk at him puttin' down me whiskey. It makes me blood bile.

Toots. Mine too. Ise biled ovah.

O'G. Let's not endure it. Oi don't belave the Injun's very dangerous an', besides, it's two to wan anyhow. Let's do him up.

Toots. Dat's me. Come on. (*They join arms and swagger toward MAGNUS.*) Look heah, yo' no 'count Injun——

O'G. Ye dirthy rid haythen——

Mag. Ugh !

[*Draws knife.*

O'G. (*runs back to L. front.*) Murtherin' Moses, Oi've done it now !

Toots (*kneeling before MAGNUS*). Oh please, good, brave Mr. Injun, I didn't mean nuffin, 'deed I didn't.

Enter FRANK, L. U. E., followed by IKEY and SNIFFLES, who carries bundles of tracts. MAGNUS drinks. IKEY remains at back.

Toots. Dat's right, Mr. Injun—drink all yo' wants, an' I'll gib yo' er gallon when—(*MAGNUS pushes him with foot and he falls, facing audience.*) O—o—oh ! Wow ! (*FRANK wrenches bottle from MAGNUS, and hurls him R.*)

Frank (*kicks TOOTS*). Get up !

Toots. Wow ! Oh ! Ise killed, I know Ise killed !

Frank. Get up. (*Ferks TOOTS to his feet.*) So you have been giving that Indian whiskey, have you ?

Toots. No sah ! I deny de lucidation. When in de cose ob human events a gemman like me, sah, wants ter took a drink sah, an' a great, big red debbil comes 'round wiv knives an' swordses an' pistiles an' guns, an' says he'll blow me to glory hallelujah kingdom come an' nabs de whiskey, taint my fault.

Frank. All right, then ; now clear out.

[*Goes up and converses with IKEY.*

O'G. Nagur !

Toots. Huh ?

O'G. Let's go back to the hotel.

Toots. Dat's me. We'll go back to de hotel an' we'll git drunker'n a biled owl—den two biled owls. Yes sah.

[*Follows O'GOOLIGAN off, L. I E.*

Snif. Behold the aboriginal red man in all his glory. Here is virgin soil to work upon. Verily, I will give him a tract. Noble child of the wilderness——

Mag. Wah! Ugh!

Snif. (*aside*). His language is strange, and his breath unpleasant. Ahem! Unsophisticated denizen of the forest——

Mag. Pale face big talk—heap big liar!

Snif. Unregenerate heathen—have a tract. (*Gives several.*) Read, ponder, digest and consider, and then, oh noble remnant of a mighty race, you will say——

Mag. Ugh! Pale face big fool! Wah!

[*Throws tracts in SNIFFLE'S face and exit R. U. E.*]

Snif. Great Ebenezer! If I thought nobody would hear me, I'd say damn! [*Grabs valise and exit quickly, R.*]

Enter GEORGE, L. U. E., *disguised*.

Geo. (*speaks roughly*). Say, is your name Evarts?

Frank. Yes. Who are you?

Geo. I'm Jenkins, ther new driver on the north line.

Frank. Well, what do you want?

Geo. I don't want nuthin'. But thar's a military swell down at ther Golden Gulch axin' fer ye, an'sayin' it's mighty important. So as I war takin' ther short cut I thought I'd tell ye. (*Crosses R.*) That's all. Good day.

Frank. Much obliged, I'm sure.

Geo. Yer welcome. (*Aside, natural voice.*) Now, curse him, it's my turn. [*Exit, R. U. E.*]

Frank. Sorry for it, Ikey, but I must go back.

Ikey. Vell, beesness ish beesness. I vish you might go, for I hates to travel dese hills alone. Und I always feel safe ven you are along.

Frank. Got a gun, haven't you?

Ikey. Yesh.

[*Shows old style pistol.*]

Frank (*laughing*). That thing? You might scare a man with it, but that would be all. Here, take mine.

Ikey (*taking revolver*). But you?

Frank. I have another at the hotel.

Ikey. Mooch obliged, Mr. Evarts.

Frank (*going L.*). Keep your eyes open, Ikey, and if you have to shoot, be quick about it. [*Exit, L. U. E.*]

Ikey. Yesh. You bet I keeps mine eyes open. Shiminy gracious! I feel all uf a shiver. Dot man who come here mit a message looked pad. Vell, uf I have to shoot, I shoot. So now I makes a start. [*Turns towards R. I E.*]

Enter GEORGE and BILL *quickly*, R. U. E.

Geo. Now then! (*Throws left arm around IKEY'S neck and presses pistol to his head with right hand.*) Not a sound! Here, Bill, take

his pack. (BILL takes bundle and runs off R. U. E.) Now then! (*releases* IKEY.) Your money—fork it over lively.

[IKEY springs upon GEORGE and hurls him to L. front. He then draws revolver quickly and fires, but misses. At the same moment BILL rushes on and knocks IKEY down with the butt end of his revolver.

Bill. Did he wing you?

[GEORGE throws off mask.

Geo. No, curse him, but it was a close call. (*Picks up revolver which IKEY dropped.*) Hello! Evarts' gun, by all that's lucky! (*IKEY staggers to his feet.*) Catch hold. We'll go through him first, and then throw him over the cliff. Lively now.

[*They drag IKEY off, R. U. E.*

Enter ONE LUNG and CHUMMY, L. U. E.

One L. Lookee! (*Points R. U. E.*) One man chockee full. Two men cally him off. Gottee big jag on.

Chum. Yaas. One of the fellahs looks like the fellah who twied to wob me at pokah last night, don't ye know.

One L. Me gettee 'long home.

Chum. Yaas—but I haven't seen anything of that wed skin, don't ye know. You said I would meet him along heah. Mr. Evarts said he was a perfectly harmless specimen, and I want to see how he compares with Coopah's novels.

[*Takes book from pocket, lights cigarette and reads.*

One L. Allee lite. You waitee—he come bimeby, me skippee out.

[*Exit, L. U. E., singing as in Act I.*

Chum. This is a chawming description of the noble wed man. (*Comes down.*) So bwave—so honest. Yaas. (*Reads.*) "The chief's dwess was wich and elegant. His mannah was dignified and gwaceful, and he seemed devoid of all petty vices." Yaas. How gwand—oh murdah! (*OLD MAGNUS has entered quietly R. 2 E., and calmly takes cigarette from CHUMMY'S lips, placing it in his own mouth.*) What an offensive person!

Mag. Ugh!

[*Smokes.*

Chum. What's he gwunting about?

Mag. Ugh! Pale face hat.

[*Takes CHUMMY'S hat from his head, and places it on his own.*

Chum. Bah Jove! He's got gall!

Mag. Pale face coat—wah!

Chum. Heah—I cawn't allow that, weally.

Mag. Ugh! (*Draws knife.*) Give Injun coat!

Chum. (*frightened*). Oh, yaas—yaas! Take it, take it!

Mag. (*throws off blanket, puts on coat and offers blanket to CHUMMY*). Pale face take it.

Chum. Get away! It has a bad odah.

Mag. Wah!

Chum. Oh—Yaas!

Mag. (*picks up his own hat—a battered white “plug”*). Hat!

Chum. Eh?

Mag. Take Injun's hat.

Chum. I cawn't do it, ye know I——

Mag. Ugh! [*Jams hat down upon CHUMMY'S head.*]

Chum. I wondah if I shall evah see home again.

Mag. Pale face git! [*Points L. 2 E.*]

Chum. Oh, deah—I'm wuined foh life! [*Exit, L. 2 E.*]

Mag. Injun heap big dude! [*Struts down and exit R. 2 E.*]

Enter GEORGE and BILL, R. U. E.

Geo. Come on, the coast is clear.

Bill. What's ther next move?

Geo. Give me the pack. (*Takes it.*) I've left in this a lot of cheap jewelry. Place it behind the rocks yonder. [*Points R. U. E.*]

Bill. All right, pard. (*Places pack.*) Thar. Now what?

Geo. Evarts will be sure to return when he discovers that my message was false. We will keep under cover until he arrives and then accuse him of robbing and killing the Jew.

Bill. That's ther scheme—an' ther cuss 'll swing fur it, too.

Geo. Someone is coming. 'Sh! This way. [*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*]

Enter MATILDA, R. U. E.

Mat. What a lovely day this is for a stroll through this romantic region. Ah, me! They said that I would be sure to meet my affinity out here, but I haven't seen him yet. All the men seem to dawdle around that little chit of a Horton girl, though what on earth they can see in her to admire is more than I can imagine. (*Looks off, R. U. E.*) As sure as I live, she's coming down yonder with the landlord's wife.

Enter MAGNUS R. 2 E., *unseen by MATILDA, and sits on stump.*

Mat. For a wonder, no men are tagging after her. It's perfectly outrageous, the way that she tries to fascinate the men. I'm sure that *I* never could be so bold and forward. No indeed. (*Sees MAGNUS.*) Why, if there isn't that delightful Mr. Litewate. Ahem! Ahem! He doesn't hear me. Well, at all events I'm not going to throw myself at his head. (*Sits on left side of bank.*) Ahem! (*Turns away.*) I won't let him know that I've seen him.

Mag. (*looks around*). Huh! Pale face. Much old. Ail same time, Injun got good clothes. Make heap mash! (*Crosses and sits*

beside her; she turns away. 'Comic business, ad. lib. At last he puts his arm around her; she lays her head upon his shoulder; after a pause she sees who it is, screams, slaps his face, knocking him over backward, and runs off L. I E.)

Mag. (*rising*). Ugh! Pale face fist heap like rock!

[Exit, R. I E.]

Enter JESS and MRS. NAGGLE, R. U. E.

Jess. Hurry up, aunt.

Mrs. N. Hurry up indeed! (*Comes down R.*) Do you think I'm a locomotive injine? (*Sits on stump.*) Oh, dear! I've walked my head off, trying to keep up with you, you young whirlwind. What a fool I was to come tramping around over these mountains when there was so much to do at home. There's bread to bake and pies to make and berries to can and—there! (*Turns around.*) I knew it, I *knew it!* I KNEW IT!

Jess. What?

Mrs. N. I left a pan of cookies in the oven and every blessed one will be burned to a crisp just as sure as I'm sitting here and the cat will be into the cream and I'm going right straight home. (*Rises.*) That's what I am this minute.

Jess (*forcing her to resume seat*). No, you are not. I've got you out of that stuffy old hotel for once, and I want you to stay out long enough to get a mouthful of fresh air.

Mrs. N. Can't do it, Jess. (*Rises and goes up L.*) I must go. My Peter will think that I've tumbled over the cliff and he'll have a conniption fit sure as you're born. You needn't hurry, though. Bless my soul, I expect I'll find everything at sixes and sevens when I get back!

[Exit, L. U. E.]

Jess (*thoughtfully*). I wonder if I shall have as much to worry me when I get married? (*Sits on bank.*) No—for Mrs. Frank Evarts will never, never, *never* be a landlord's wife. It's awful! To be doomed all one's life to wrestle with pots and pans and kettles; with bread that won't rise and boarders that won't pay. Poor aunt! She thinks I'm smitten with that lovely New York dude. As if I could ever marry a thing like that. My! But he *is* a beauty, and no mistake. If I had him I'd put him in a glass case and throw sugar at him.

[Introduce song.]

Enter CHUMMY, L. 2 E.

Chum. (*looking off L.*). I've escaped from that howid, dweadful wedskin. But how am I evah, *evah* going to get back to the hotel? I'll be disgwaced foh life if I'm seen in this get up. (*Sees JESS.*) Hello, there's that Samson young woman. Miss, I—

Jess (*sees him*). Ha, ha, ha!

Chum. That's wight. Laugh at me twouble.

Jess. Trouble? Ha, ha, ha! Say, been swapping clothes?

Chum. No I haven't been swapping clothes.

Jess. No? Then where on earth did you get that rig?

Chum. I've been wobbed.

Jess. Been what?

Chum. Wobbed. A gwate big cwoud of *dirty*, beastly, wretched wedskins waylaid me, don't you know, and took me clothes away.

Jess. Oh, what a shame!

Chum. It's an outwage—that's what it is.

Jess. How many were there?

Chum. Oh, a whole army of them—thirty or forty at the vew, least, all loaded up with guns and—er—bad whiskey.

Jess. It's a wonder that you escaped alive.

Chum. Isn't it? And it was only by exercising the utmost personal bwavery that I did, don't you know.

Jess. Did you fight the whole crowd?

Chum. Well—er—I cawn't say that I exactly fowght them, don't you know, but I looked weal cwoss, and there's no telling what I *might* have done.

Jess. Say, you ought to be in the army. They need a few more brave men like you to sweep these Injuns off the face of the earth.

Chum. Yaas, I dare say you're wight.

Jess. Then you'll enlist?

Chum. Yaas—er—well I'll think about it.

Jess. *Think* about it? I'll bet you're getting scarey.

Chum. No, I'm not. I'm not afwaid of anybody.

Jess. Look out! Hush! I think I see some coming.

Chum. Oh, murdah! Save me, save me. [*Runs off*, L. I E.]

Jess. Ha ha ha! A fine soldier he'd make. [*Exit*, L. I E.]

Enter FRANK and NAGGLE, L. U. E.

Frank. There's some deviltry afoot here.

Nag. It sorter looks that way. Have you any idea who the feller was that sent you back thar?

Frank. No—although there was something familiar about him.

Nag. Was he alone?

Frank. Yes.

Nag. I heard a shot fired some time ago and—

Frank. I'm afraid something has happened to poor old Ikey.

Enter GEORGE and BILL, L. I E.

Geo. You are right, Mr. Evarts. Something *has* happened. Sheriff, there has been murder done here.

Frank. } Murder!
Nag. }

Geo. Yes, murder. Bill and I were crossing over the Divide up yonder. (*Points L.*) Looking down this way, we saw two men standing here. In this clear mountain air we recognized both. One was the Jew, and the other was—do you know who?

[*To FRANK.*]

Frank. Certainly not.

Nag. Go on.

Geo. Suddenly the other man drew his pistol and fired, but apparently missed, for old Ike clinched him and they struggled toward the rocks yonder. (*Points R.*) Then the murderer struck the old man with his pistol and he fell like a log. The assassin robbed his victim, hid his pack behind yonder rock and——

Bill (*who has crossed R., re-appears with pack*). An' here it is now. (*Picks up revolver near R. U. E.*) An' here's the gun he drapped.

Nag. Let me see it.

Geo. Wait a moment—I'm nearly finished.

Nag. Well, what then—what then?

Geo. Then he dragged his victim to the cliff and flung him over.

Frank. The scoundrel! And you recognized him?

Geo. We did.

Bill. I'll swear to that.

Nag. Who was he?

Geo. You want to know his name?

Frank. Certainly, man.

Geo. Sheriff, examine that pistol and you will find the owner's name enaraved upon it; search him, and you'll find the murdered man's watch.

Nag. (*looks at revolver*). Frank Evarts!

Geo. The murderer!

Frank. What! I? Oh you damnable liar! [*Raises fist.*]

Geo. (*points revolver*). Stand back! *It's my turn now!*

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

Scene.—*Same as ACT I. Discover NAGGLE behind bar, wiping glasses.*

Nag. I've struck a streak of luck in this hotel. House full of boarders, a good bar business, all cash trade, and no opposition—except Mrs. Naggle. She objects to the bar, but that cuts no figure.

Enter MRS. NAGGLE, D. F.

Mrs. Nag. It doesn't, eh?

Nag. Why, my dear, I——

Mrs. Nag. Peter Naggle, how much liquor is there in this hotel?

Nag. How much?

Mrs. N. That's what I said.

Nag. Why, there's a barrel in the store room, and——

Mrs. N. No there isn't. I knocked in the head of that barrel.

Nag. What!

[Crosses to C.

Mrs. N. That's what I said.

Nag. Woman! Did you dare——

Mrs. N. Yes I did. (*Walks up to him, arms akimbo.*) I want you to understand, Peter Naggle, that I am the mistress of this hotel and *don't you forget it!*

Nag. (*sits L.*). Oh, I'm ruined for life.

Mrs. N. No, you are not; but the whiskey is.

Enter ONE LUNG, R. I E.

One L. You wantee me?

Mrs. N. Yes. Take those bottles out and smash them.

One L. Whatee! Bustee bottles?

Nag. (*jumping up*). I'll break your head if you do.

Mrs. N. And I'll break your head if you don't.

One L. Bustee headee do, bustee headee don't; bustee headee anyway.

Mrs. N. Come now, be lively.

Nag. Don't you stir! (MRS. NAGGLE *walks up to him and looks him in the face.*) A—a—all right my dear—all right. (*To ONE LUNG, fiercely.*) Why don't you do as you're told? Take those bottles out and smash 'em. (*Loudly.*) Do you hear? I want it to be distinctly understood that I'm a temperance man, and that the Golden Gulch is a strict prohibition hotel. Come, my dear.

[Exit, with MRS. N., R. I E.

One L. Huh! Ole man changee mind heap soon quick. (*Gathers up bottles.*) No sell buggee juice? Knockee business sky high?

Bustee bottles? Not muchee. Keepee bottles. Gettee big jag. Havee high ole time. No flies on Chinaman. Not muchee.

[Exit, L. I E.]

TOOTS and O'GOOLIGAN sings chorus from "Comrades," staggering in D. F. as they sing last line. O'GOOLIGAN has bottle.

O'G. Oi niver before in all me loife associated wid a nagur; but out here Oi'd associate wid onybody, bedad. An' me a Justice av the Pace too at that!

Toots. I nebber afore 'sociated wiv no 'count white trash, nohow, but out heah I reckons I lose all my self cumspect.

O'G. Nagur!

Toots. Huh?

O'G. Yer drunk. Oi think Oi'll have to lock ye up.

Toots. Yo's anudder.

O'G. No sor, Oi'm not. Oi'm only toired. Lane up agin the bar while Oi sit down an' think. (*Pushes TOOTS who reels against NAGGLE as the latter enters R. I E.*) Howld aisy now. (*Lurches into seat, L.*) The Coort is sated.

Toots. I—ic—I wante go to bed.

One L. (*entering, L. I E.*) Me takee him—Puttee head asoak?

Nag. All right. There you go. [*Pushes TOOTS to ONE LUNG.*]

Toots. (*going up arm in arm with ONE LUNG.*) Wha fo yo' wabble so? Huh?

One L. Oh, dly up.

[Exit, with TOOTS, D. F.]

O'G. Begorry, Oi'll not associate wid that air nagur ony more; ony mon that'll go aff arm in arm wid a haythen Chinazer is beneath me contimpt. (*Attempts to rise, but falls back into seat.*) No sor; ony mon wid O'Gooligan blood in his veins cannot be too careful. (*Attempts to rise as before.*) Say what ye will, a nagur is a nagur onyhow. (*Same business.*) Oi don't know whether Oi want to get up or not.

Enter CHUMMY and SNIFFLES, D. F. CHUMMY wears blanket and hat as in last act. SNIFFLES has a torn coat, smashed hat, bloody nose and black eye.

O G. By all the powers thare's been a foight, and Oi wasn't in it.

Nag. (*aside*). Don't look as if they were in it either.

Chum. Blawst the Indians!

Snif. That's what I say—damn the Indians.

O'G. Look at that now—hear him shwear!

Snif. There are times when profanity is justifiable. Condemn the tracts.

[Flings down val'se.]

O'G. Here, here! (*Aside.*) Oh, Oi fergot. (*Takes bottle.*) Oi have ye safe, me darlin'.

Chum. He stole me coat and me hat, and made me put on these dweadful things. [*Flings off hat and blanket.*]

Snif. And he fell upon me like unto a Philistine and smote me hip and thigh.

Nag. Who was it?

Chum. That w'etched Indian!

Snif. Yes—that *cussed* Indian!

O'G. Thare he goes agin. Oi'll throw up me job. Oi'll not work for a man who shwears.

Chum. I feel cweepy all ovah. (*Goes L.*) I'll go wight up to me woom and take a bawth. [*Exit, L. I E.*]

O'G. Faith he'll nade it av he's been wearin an Injun's overcoat.

Nag. (*to SNIFFLES*). Here, old man (*fills a glass from O'GOOLIGAN'S bottle*), take a bracer.

Snif. Thank you, I will. There are times when liquor is very good for the stomach's sake. [*Drinks.*]

O'G. Oh, luk at that! Now Oi *will* throw up me job. Oi'll have nothin' to do wid a man who drinks.

Snif. Ah, that puts new life into me. I can again gird up my loins and go forth to battle with the powers of darkness.

O'G. Ye betther first go up-stairs an' battle wid some soap an' wather.

Snif. Mr. O'Gooligan, your remarks are slightly offensive; yet, judging by the somewhat exalted condition of my nose you are doubtless correct. I will go to my room.

O'G. An' Oi'll go wid ye. (*Half rises, and falls back as before.*) Oi dunno whether Oi will or not. Try again, O'Gooligan. Niver say doie. (*Rises very carefully, and lurches forward, catching hold of SNIFFLES.*) Mr. Sniffles, Oi'm surprised at ye. Who wud think now that wan single glass o' whiskey wud make ye so drunk? Here Oi've drunk an intoire bottle an' Oi'm as sober as a hitching post.

Snif. Mr. O'Gooligan, I am *not* intoxicated.

O'G. Oh yis, ye air. Can't Oi see it wid me two eyes? Ye can't stand stiddy to save yer loife. Come on. (*They go L.*) It's a bad example yer settin' me entoirely. Oi'm afraid Oi must lave ye. Mr. Sniffles. unless ye refarrum, for Oi can't aboid a man who drinks. Stiddy now. [*They exeunt, L. I E.*]

Nag. I wonder why some of the boys don't show up. Frank ought to be back from the Bar by this time, to stand trial on that fool charge. (*Looks off D. F.*) Hello! One Lung has sobered up the nigger.

Enter ONE LUNG and TOOTS, D. F.

One L. Nigga man allee lite? [Exit NAGGLE, D. F.]

Toots. Reckon I is. But now jes look har'. Ise er gemman ob color, I is. Darfo' when in de co'se ob human events yo' fine it necessary to 'dress me, jes please ter recommembah dat my name am Senator Juniper Toots, an' spoke to me accordin'.

One L. Allee lite Tootee. Irishman gone.

Toots. Say, duz yo' wanter earn a dollah?

One L. Dollee? You bettee.

Toots. Ef yo' put dat Irishman unner de pump same's yo' did me, I gibs yo' a dollah. An' ef yo' kicks de stuffin outen him I gibs yo' two dollahs.

One L. Lemme see. (*Counts on fingers.*) Soakee head, one dollee; kickee stuffin', two dollee. (*Looks up.*) Say—killee dead fo' five dollee.

Toots. Whut yo' take me fo' eh? I ain't no 'sassination serciety, I ain't. No *sah*. Jes' yo' duz whut I done tole yo' an' nuffin mo'. Unnerstan, dat?

One L. Alle lite. If me ketchee him, me soakee him head. No ketchee, no soakee. [*They exeunt, R. I E.*]

Enter FRANK and NAGGLE, D. F.

Nag. Now Frank, my boy, this thing is bound to come out all right. None of the boys believe you did it.

Frank. Thank you for that, old fellow.

Enter JESS and MRS. NAGGLE, D. F.

Nag. And you don't blame me for arresting you?

Frank. Not in the least.

Jess. Arrested? (*Runs to FRANK.*) What does he mean?

Frank. There, there, my dear, don't be frightened.

Jess. Tell me Frank, what does it mean?

Frank. It means—oh you tell her. [*To NAGGLE.*]

Nag. Well, you see Jess, they say that old Ikey is done up, and Gentleman George is trying to lay it on Frank.

Jess. Oh the wretches! I'd like to—

Nag. Take it cool, Jess. We'll see Frank through.

Mrs. N. There! I *knew* something would happen when I left my work to go tramping around this morning.

Enter MATILDA, *quickly*, D. F.

Mat. Happen! Well I should guess so. Send for the police! Hurry up, hurry up!

Mrs. N. What's the matter now?

Mat. Matter enough. There's Indians around everywhere—hundreds and hundreds of them. Our lives are in danger and I've almost been kidnapped.

Nag. (*half aside*). I'll bet she saw old Magnus. [*All laugh.*]

Mat. Don't stand there like wooden men! Send for the police, I tell you! Call out the soldiers! Raise an army! Goodness gracious sakes alive! *Do* do something! (*Disgusted tone.*) Well, I can't see what you are all laughing at.

Mrs. N. Perhaps he took you for a—ha, ha, ha!

Nag. Maybe he thought you were a—he, he, he!

Mat. (*indignantly*). Well I'm *not* a “ha, ha, ha,” nor a “he, he, he,” I'll have you to know. This is a nice way to treat me after I've been frightened nearly to death and almost run away with. I don't believe that I shall ever recover from the shock as long as I live. It's a terrible thing for a young girl like me to undergo such a frightful experience, to say nothing of being laughed at. (*All laugh.*) Well, laugh, will you, laugh! (*Cries.*) I'm sure I don't care so—so—so—so there now! You're a lot of savages, that's what you are, and I'm going right straight back home!

[Exit, D. F.]

Mrs. N. There! See what you've done now, Peter Naggle.

Nag. What have I done?

Mrs. N. What have you done? You've driven away a regular boarder, that's what. And goodness knows women are scarce enough in this country, too. And regular, paying boarders aren't to be found every day, neither. Ugh! I've no patience with you.

[Exit, R. I E.]

Nag. I half believe that those women are twin sisters, leastways so far as their tongues go.

Enter O'GOOLIGAN, GEORGE and BILL, D. F.

O'G. How air ye gentlemen, how air ye?

Nag. Blest if he ain't sober.

O'G. Yis—Oi've had me hid under yer ould pump. So Frank, me bye, ye've been murderin' and robbin' eh? Tut tut now, don't say a wurrud. Oi belave ye air innocent, but Oi must uphold the *majesty* av the law an' try ye, jist the same.

Geo. You can't try him. You're only a Justice.

O'G. That's a lie fer ye. The byes elected me Judge about twinty minutes ago down at Duffy's saloon.

Nag. I thought Duffy wanted to be Judge.

O'G. So he did, but me son Mike persuaded him to widdraw.

Nag. How?

O'G. How? Why wid kind words an' a couple av six shooters,

And Oi say, Naggle, wud ye moind skippin' acress the street an' tellin' me son Mike to come here? *[Puts down shot gun.]*

Nag. All right, Judge.

[Exit, D. F.]

Enter MRS. NAGGLE, R. I E.

O'G. *(to MRS. N.)*. Oi trust, mem, thot ye'll kindly excuse me fer bringing me coort here, but ye know we've got no coort house yet, an' divil av an office have Oi at all at all.

Mrs. N. You're entirely welcome, Judge.

Jess. And you will let us remain, won't you?

O'G. Won't Oi though? Indade Oi will. Oi shall be greatly delighted to have youth and beauty honor me coort room. Plaze be sated.

[JESS and MRS. N. sit at rear.]

Enter NAGGLE, D. F.

O'G. Well, where's me son?

Nag. Mike is playing poker over at Duffy's, and he says he'll see you hanged before he'll come.

O'G. Did me son Mike say that?

Nag. Sure's you're born.

O'G. Ah, ha. Yis, Oi see. Well, you jist tell me son Mike av he don't git a gait on himself an' come over here on the fly, Oi'll foine him fifty dollars fer contimpt av coort, bad cess to him.

Nag. All right, Judge.

[Exit, D. F.]

O'G. See me hanged will he? Ah, ha. Well, Oi think not. Oi'll uphould the dignity av this coort at any cost. Here, Frank me bye, lind a hand an' hilp me bring the table up here. *(They bring table and stools from L. to upper R. C.)* Thank ye. Now ye two witnisses go over there. *(Points R. GEORGE and BILL cross and sit.)* Now Frank, me bye, Oi want ye to sit here beside me, *(points to chair at L. of table)* so thot Oi kin kape me eye on ye. Tut tut, now don't say a word. *(FRANK sits.)* Thare. Now ladies and gintlemin, the coort is open for business.

Enter NAGGLE, D. F.

Nag. Mike says if you fine him that he'll come over here and mop the floor up with you.

O'G. Ah, ha. *(Rubs chin.)* Well, he's excused. Let me see. Naggle, I guess we'll have to use you for wan av the jury.

Geo. I object. You can't use the sheriff for a jury man.

O'G. Can't Oi though? Well now, who's running this coort? Is it you or is it me?

Geo. You are pretending to.

7000

O'G. Pretinding is it? Thare's no pretinse in your bein' foined fifty dollars for contimpt. We must get a jury somehow. Landlord, you'll do fer wan. Now who'll we have nixt?

Nag. There's a dude up-stairs.

O'G. Sind fer him. The bigger fool a man is, the betther juror he makes.

Nag. (*calls*). One Lung! Oh, One Lung!

Enter ONE LUNG, R. I E.

One L. You callee?

Nag. Tell Mr. Litewate to come down.

One L. Allee lite.

[*Goes L.*

Nag. And bring in some more chairs.

[Exit ONE LUNG, L. I E.

Geo. (*aside to BILL*). Stick to our story through thick and thin.

Bill. You bet.

Nag. Look hyar Jedge, you know well enough that Frank is innocent——

O'G. Oi belave he is.

Nag. Then why not discharge him?

O'G. Bekase he's not loaded. Oh, no, me bye. We must uphold the majesty av the law an' prove what we already know to be true, bedad.

Enter ONE LUNG, L. I E.

One L. Come 'long, dudee. (*Brings on six chairs and places them in row L., facing C. NAGGLE sits in upper chair.*) Hully up, dudee!

Enter CHUMMY and SNIFFLES, L. I E.

O'G. Hare's two more. We want ye for jurors. Sit down.

Chum. But I don't see——

O'G. Sit down!

[CHUMMY *sits quickly.*

Chum. But, weally, I caunt——

O'G. *Shut up!*

Snif. Verily, I would say——

O'G. Dry up! Sit down or Oi'll foine ye.

Snif. (*sits*). May I venture to inquire what is the nature of the case?

O'G. No sor. Ye don't nade to know onything about the case. All ye have to do is to *foind* a verdict.

Nag. Well, here's three of us.

Enter TOOTS, D. F.

Toots. An' here's anudder.

Chum. Oh, but *I* object to *him*, don't ye know.

Toots. Wha's dat? Object to me sah? I don't let no white trash dudes talk dat way sah, no sah. I'll turn a razzer loose on yo' de fust t'ing yo' knows, sah.

Snif. Behold, a row approacheth, verily.

Chum. I don't want any wow.

Toots. Den yo' better not insinuate any sorter specifications ag'in dis yar chile.

O'G. Silence in the coort. Oi hate the worst way to have a nagur on the jury. It goes agin me. Well, come here. (*Aside.*) I'll ax the coon some laygal questions. (TOOTS at R. of table.) Air ye an American citizen?

Toots. 'Spects I is, yes sah—yo' honah.

O'G. 'Publican or Prohibitionist?

Toots. 'Publican sah, yes sah—yo' honah.

O'G. Who do ye vote for?

Toots. I vote fo' de man wot pays de most.

O'G. Do yez know the meaning av *ex parte*?

Toots. Reckon not, sah.

O'G. Air ye opposed to capital punishment?

Toots. Don' know, sah.

O'G. Do yez recognize the meaning av *meum et tuum*?

Toots. Nebber seed 'em, sah.

O'G. Ever rade the papers?

Toots. No, sah.

O'G. Can ye rade at all?

Toots. No, sah.

O'G. You'll do. Sit down. (*Aside.*) Av he was only a white mon what a foine juror he'd make.

Chum. I say, Judge—

O'G. Silence in the coort. We've only four in the jury, but that's enough for this coort. Gintlemin av the jury, stand up. (*They rise.*) Ye solemnly shware (*rapidly*) to foind a verdict av ye know enough according to the facts an' what I tell ye or I'll fill ye full av buckshot sit down! [*They sit.*]

Frank. Well Judge, as you have settled the preliminaries I suppose we may as well hear what those curs have to say.

Nag. I wouldn't believe 'em under oath.

O'G. Nayther wud Oi.

Toots. Dat's me, too.

O'G. Shut up! Silence in the coort! Mr. Gintleman George, stand up. Raise yer roight hand. Ye'll spake the truth, the whole av it an' nothin' else begorry go ahead.

Geo. I have nothing to say, your Honor—

O'G. Thin sit down.

Geo. I mean——

O'G. Thin say what ye mane.

Geo. I saw the prisoner fire at the Jew, strike him down, rob him, and throw him over the cliff. The watch found in his pocket, the pistol with one chamber empty, and the pack belonging to the Jew all prove that I speak the truth.

O'G. All roight. Sit down.

Chum. Beg pawdon, but where did this murdah occur?

O'G. None o' yer business. Broncho Bill, stand up. Put up yer roight hand. Ye solemnly shware an' so on the same as Gintleman George, and av' ye lie look out that's all go on.

[*Speaks his closing lines rapidly, ignoring pauses.*]

Bill. I seed everything jest es George hes told it.

O'G. Ye shware ye aint lyin' now?

Bill. Sartin.

O'G. Sit down thin.

Toots. I—(*yawns*) I say not guilty.

O'G. I say shut up! Now thin, Frank, me bye, it's your turn. Did ye kill the Jew?

Frank (*rising*). I did not.

Toots. Dat settles it. I's gwine ter bed.

O'G. Naggle, av that nagur opens his mouth ag'in ye have my permission to slaughter him.

Nag. Kerrect, Jedge.

Toots (*aside*). Fo' de lan' sake! I wanter go home!

O'G. (*to Frank*). Those min shware ye did.

Frank. Those men lie.

Geo. (*springs up and reaches for revolver*). By heaven!

O'G. (*aiming shotgun*). Hands up, or I'll save ye from hang-in'. Naggle, take the arrums away from those min.

[*He does so.*]

Frank. Old Ikey wished to accompany me to Sandy Bar. We started, but were overtaken by a man who I strongly suspect was yonder scoundrel in disguise. He delivered a lying message which brought me back to this hotel. Suspecting foul play, I hastened to return, and met Naggle on the way. I had loaned Old Ikey my revolver, but I know nothing of the watch nor the pack.

O'G. That's a straight story. Ye shwear to it?

Frank (*raising right hand*). I do.

Snif. Verily then, somebody hath lied.

Nag. Look here, Jedge, Frank's testimony is better'n that of a thousand such fellers as them.

O'G. That's all roight, but the majesty av the law must be upheld. It's two agin wan, wid collateral tistimony behoind thim.

Nag. What's ther upshot of it?

Geo. There is no doubt of the prisoner's guilt.

Bill. 'Course not.

Geo. Your Honor should charge the jury according to the law, and lets facts decide.

O'G. Do ye think so? Well now perhaps ye can run this coort betther nor Oi can. Av so, Oi'll resign.

Geo. I'm not trying to dictate——

O'G. Ye betther not.

Mrs. N. Haven't you a verdict?

Nag. I believe we can give one off hand.

Toots. Second de motion. I wanter go ter bed!

O'G. (*aside*). Oi am satisfied Oi shall have to kill that nagur.

Frank. Suppose you charge the jury. I have no doubt about the verdict.

O'G. But Oi have a great deal av doubt. Ye see gintlemin, thare bein' no lawyers ayther for the prosecution or the definse, Oi fale it me juty to presint the case fairly on both sides. Therefore, Oi will first address ye (*rises*) as the attorney for the prosecution. (*Aside to FRANK.*) Niver moind what Oi say now. Ahem! (*Strikes attitude.*) Gintlemin av the jury: Ye heard the evidence given an' it nades no flight av oratory to show that the prisoner at the bar is a hardened criminal who ought to have been hung years before he was born!

Toots. Dat am so.

O'G. Yis, as me noble African frind says, it is so. Gaze upon him, gintlemin av the jury. Is not crime plainly concealed in his face? Can ye not see it hidden thare in plain sight? Think av the poor ould Jew gettin' this man to pertect him, only to foind a viper who not only murdered him, but, worse than all, robbed him before his own face an' eyes while he lay thare dead. Now gaze upon these two noble witnesses who have aided the law to bring the murderer to justice. Their names will go thunderin' down the corridors av Toime as the frinds av justice, humanity an' the constitution. Gintlemin av the jury, ye have a sacred duty to perfarrum. You may be frinds av the prisoner's, but that must not defate justice. The eyes av the whole world air upon ye. The scales av justice hang trimblin' *in* the balance, an' onless ye want chaos an' ruination to swape *over* the earth, carryin' death and distruction in their wake, ye must, ye *must* foind the prisoner guilty.

Bill. Hooray for the Jedge!

Snif. Verily, he should be hanged by the neck.

Geo. Let's hear the verdict.

Jess. (*angrily*). Judge, you're a brute, so now!

O'G. Silence in the coort! Ye will get no verdict until the attorney for the definse has had his say. Ahem! (*Strikes attitude.*) Gintlemin av the jury: Ye have heard the fayble attimpt made by

the prosecuting attorney to blacken the fair fame av the prisoner at the bar. 'I will not insoolt yer intelligence by showin' the wake-ness av his argumints, for he did the bist he cud wid a bad case. We must have *de facto* evidence.

Toots. Yes sah. Show us dat ar de facts.

O'G. We cannot have facts widout truth, an' I deny that any has been shown. Would ye belave min loike those witnesses? Luk at their crime-hardened faces. Guilt is stamped all over thim, an' the strong arm av an outraged Justice is reachin' forth to jerk thim out o' their boots. Now gaze upon the prisoner, gintlemin av the jury, Ye all know him as a gintleman, an' wan av Uncle Sam's bravest scouts. He is incapable av desate an' ye all would take his word as a bond. Remimber that a man's loife is at stake an' foind a verdict av not guilty or it will be dom bad fer ye. (To JESS.) An' what do ye think o' me now?

Jess. You're an angel!

Nag. Say, Bill, why don't ye hooray fer the Jedge now?

Toots. We say not guilty, 'cose we duz.

O'G. No ye don't ayther.

Bill. Hooray fer the Jedge!

O'G. Silence in the coort? Ye'll foind no verdict until the charge is delivered, which I will now do as the prosecutin' attorney rests his case. Ahem! Now gintlemin, ye air to judge the facts in the case. Whare thare is a raysonable doubt ye must acquit the prisoner, an' as there is no doubt of the prisoner's innocence ye will bring in a verdict accordin', or somethin' will happen. (*Fury confer; MRS. NAGGLE and JESS argue with them in dumb show.*)

Geo. This is a mockery of justice.

O'G. That's a lie fer ye. Justice is niver mocked in a coort whare I preside.

Nag. We have reached a verdict, your Honor.

O'G. Prisoner, aroise. What do ye say, guilty or not guilty.

Nag. Not guilty.

O'G. So say ye all?

All. So say we all.

Mrs. N. Hooray for the jury! Why don't you cheer, Bill?

O'G. Prisoner, ye air discharged.

Frank. Thank you. (*All but GEORGE and BILL crowd around FRANK, shaking his hands. MRS. NAGGLE embraces NAGGLE.*)

Geo. (*to BILL*). The jig is up. We'd better make tracks.

Bill. You bet.

[*They start towards D. F.*]

O'G. (*stopping them*). Hould on, hould on, now.

Geo. What do you mean?

O'G. Oi'm not through yet. We have now to find out *who murdered Ikey Einstein!*

Enter, IKEY, D. F., *hatless, with torn clothing.*

Ikey. Nobody !

All. What !

Ikey. I vos not murdered, I fall on a ledge uf rock und escape ; but dose two tam scoundrels rob me und try to kill me.

Geo. It's a lie ! Get out of my way ! [Starts.

O'G. (*points shot gun*). Stand back, unless ye want some buckshot. Naggle, tie 'em wid a rope, an' Oi'll blow their heads off av they resist. (NAGGLE *binds* BILL. GEORGE *draws knife and rushes at* FRANK.)

Geo. I'll have *your* life anyhow.

Frank (*throws him off and pulls knife*). Stand back ; boys, I'm his match. (FRANK and GEORGE *have a short fierce struggle and GEORGE is slain, falling at rear of stage.*)

All (*as GEORGE falls*). Hooray, hooray, hooray ! (*Men swing hats.* ONE LUNG *kicks* BILL. FRANK *embraces* JESS.)

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ACT III.—Hotel parlor at Dover. Uncle Abel, bent on vengeance, sets a trap for the plumber. Butternut on a bicycle. “She bought you for a job lot and got stuck.” “Fixing” the Legislature. “Telling her all.” Willie's infernal machine. Making a will in a hurry. Mrs. Syrup gives up boxing lessons, and the doctor gets another chance in business. The infernal machine knocks out the Legislature. Butternut on the matrimonial market again. Finale.

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